

with a sigh, "Will morning soon be here? Our Lord is coming!"

It was Sunday morning. There was no mistake now, Bessie was dying. I went early to her bedside. Her face was white as marble, and her pinched features told how she had suffered during the night. A table was ready, and some of the nuns and more of the patients knelt there while I gave her Holy Viaticum and anointed her. When I was leaving her she tried to clasp her poor little twisted hands together, and whispered, "Come back, Father; it won't be long now." I went back as soon as I could. She was sinking rapidly, but the pinched features had disappeared, and her face glowed as it did when the news of her brother's conversion first reached her. Everyone was impressed by the beauty of her countenance, and yet death was there. I read the solemn prayers of the Church, so majestic and so consoling. As I paused I heard her say, softly: "Only fifteen years; so short a time for such a great reward."

In an instant that long stretch of days and nights came before me, with their torture and their weariness, and I felt something rising in my throat which threatened to choke my utterance: "Only" fifteen years. "Only!"

She was dying now, and as her eyes closed, and as the last faint gasps succeeded each other, the silence was intense. Suddenly her eyes opened wide and a beautiful smile passed over her face. It faded into marble white. I raised my hand in absolution and then, and as if it were so ordained, it seemed as if every church bell in the city began to ring. Sweet, loud and strong the Sunday chimes pealed forth. The effect was electrical. It was like a paeon of triumph.

Bessie was dead! Her apostolate for *one single soul* was over. Sister and brother were with God.

I shall never forget the beauty of that death-bed.

